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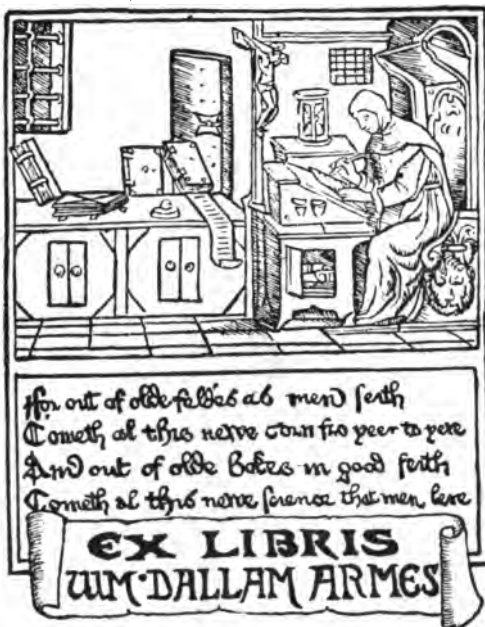
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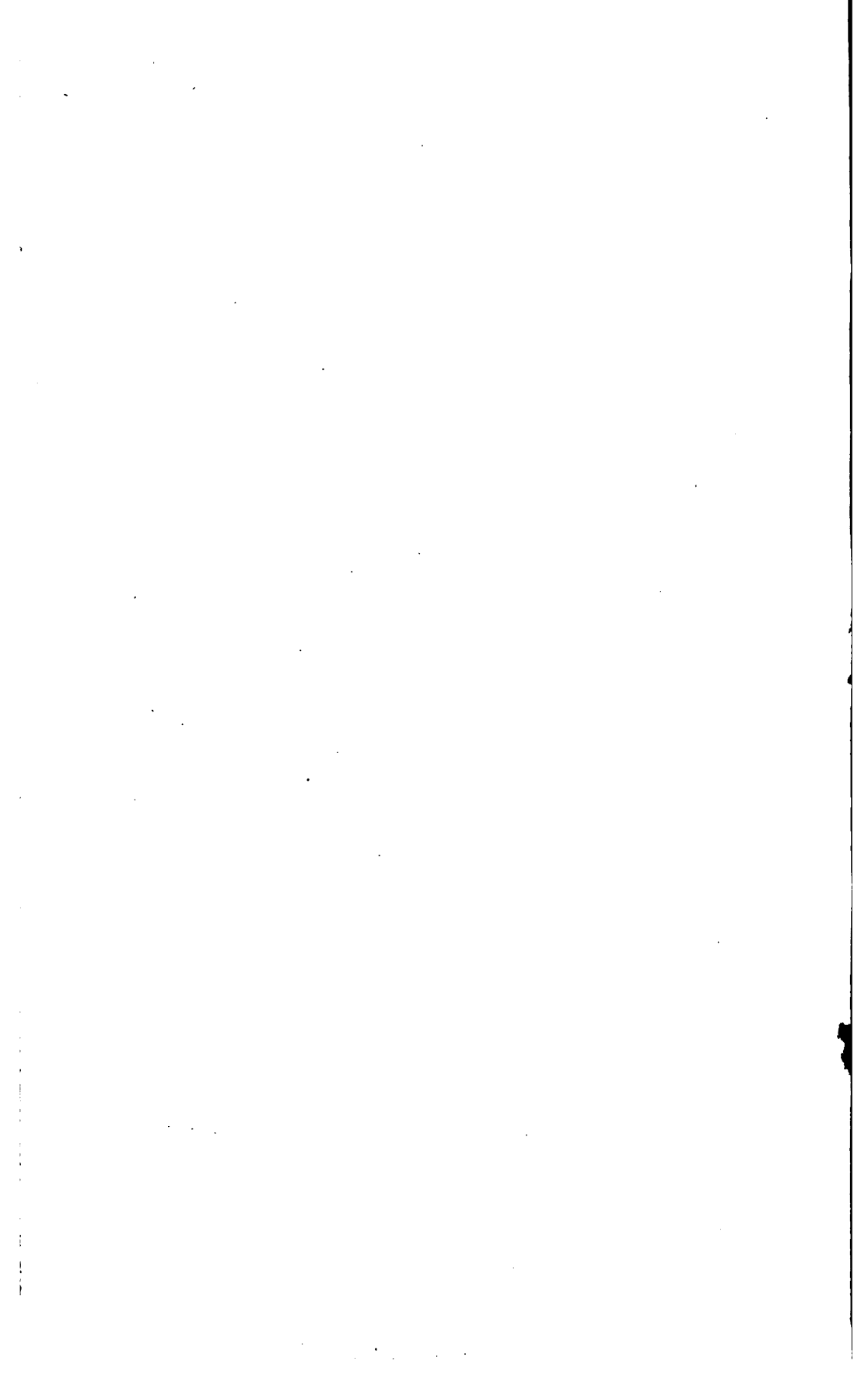
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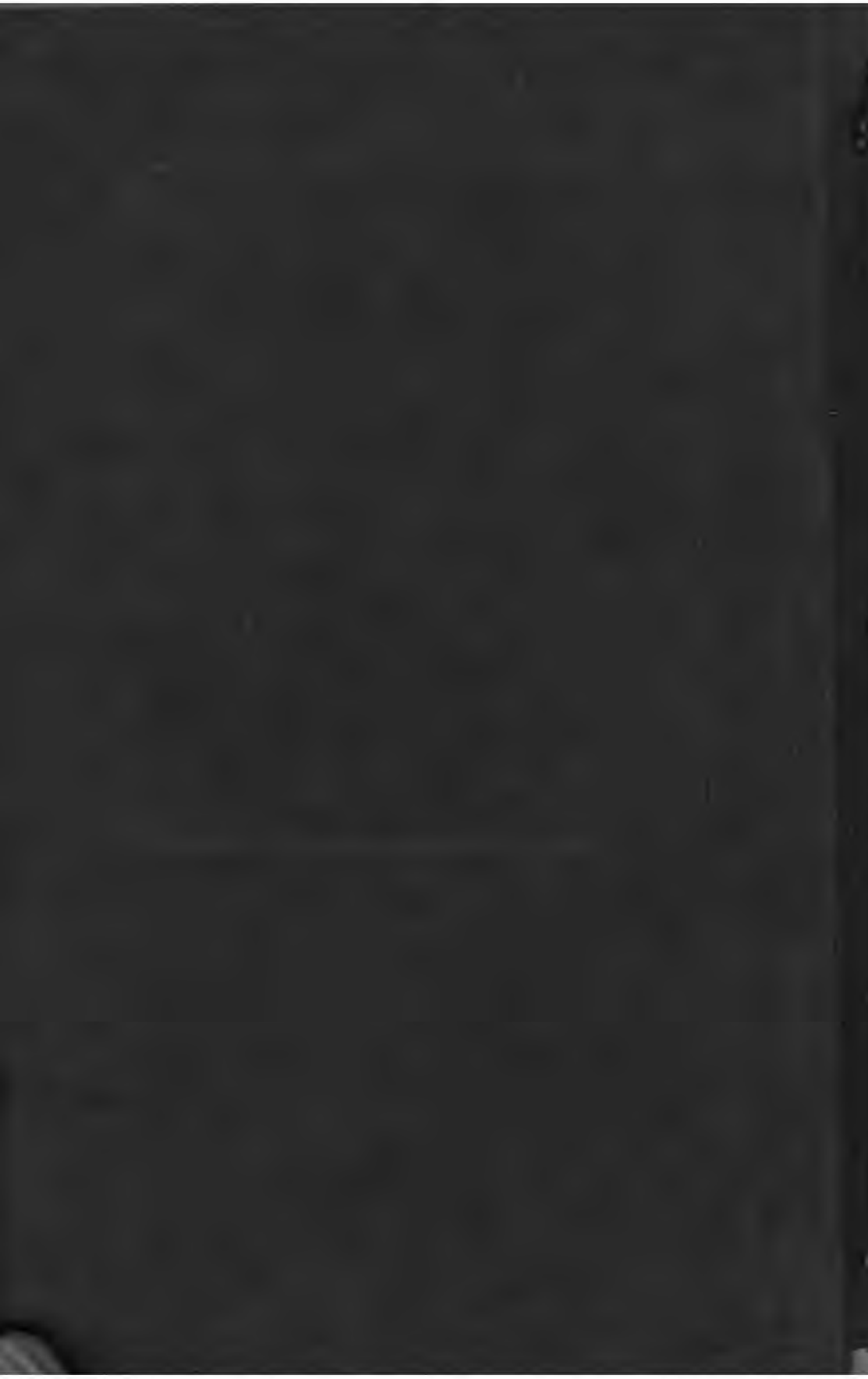
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Fa **SONS OF BALDUR**





THE
SONS OF BALDUR



MID SUMMER 1908



From ruts and rounds of brugen-salted soil
Where souls flag heavily in howling marts
And waste in price of time, from counters gilt
As much with blood as sweat of hartering
And shocks endured when bruising traffic binds
Your bodies to his maddened chariot-wheels,
From launching of new ships of enterprise
And arduous travail fixed in many spheres,
Unto the pure, thrice-sainted Grone your sire
Now calls you straightly. Harken and attend.

There gifted mimes shall show how Loki's hate,
Part of the Web of Fate the Norns had spun,
Brought war in Baldur's holy forest-lands
Whither with all his sore-opent men of battle

TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE

The Night Of
August the Eighth
In The Year
Nineteen Hundred and Eight



**Midsummer Festival Anno Domini
MCMVIII**

The Songs of Baldur

A Forest Music Drama

by
Herman Scheffauer

The Music by
Arthur Weiss

**This being the Thirty-first Annual Midsummer Festival
known as the "High Jinks" of the Bohemian Club
of San Francisco, as enacted and sung by the
Members of the Club at the Bohemian
Grove in Sonoma County, California,
on the Eighth Night of August,
Nineteen Hundred and Eight**



**Herman Scheffauer
Sire**

7. 10. 1944

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The Sons of Baldur



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THE CHARACTERS

THE PLAYERS

URD, NORN OF THE PAST	<i>Edgar D. Peixotto</i>
VERDANDI, NORN OF THE PRESENT	<i>Newton J. Tharp</i>
SKULD, NORN OF THE FUTURE.....	<i>Philip Mills Jones</i>
BALDUR, THE GOD OF SUMMER AND OF GOOD	<i>E. C. Ford</i>
LOKI, THE GOD OF EVIL	<i>Charles K. Field</i>
HALMAR, CHIEF OF THE MEN OF THE WESTLAND	<i>Henry McDonald Spencer</i>
HILDING, THE SKALD	<i>Mackenzie Gordon</i>
A WOUNDED WARRIOR.....	<i>T. Vail Bakewell</i>
A SOOTHSAYER.....	<i>Roy Folger</i>
FIRST WARRIOR	<i>Allan Dunn</i>
SECOND WARRIOR	<i>L. A. Larsen</i>
THIRD WARRIOR	<i>Ernest H. McCandlish</i>
FOURTH WARRIOR.....	<i>Harry P. Carlton</i>
FIFTH WARRIOR	<i>Frank P. Deering</i>
SIXTH WARRIOR	<i>R. Emerson Warfield</i>
SEVENTH WARRIOR	<i>Robert C. Newell</i>
EIGHTH WARRIOR	<i>Walter H. Robinson</i>
A PEASANT	<i>Charles G. Norris</i>
HILDING'S BOY	<i>George B. de Long</i>

WARRIORS, THRALLS, THE WHITE ELVES, THE BLACK
ELVES, THE VOICES OF THE VALKYRIES, AND THE
DRAGON NIDHUGG.

Acting Warriors: Wyatt H. Allen, Henry Anderson Lafler,
Clifford G. Cook.

Thralls: George W. Turner, Chas. P. Grimwood, Worthington
Ames, John C. Dornin, J. D. Fletcher, Samuel P. Hamil-
ton, Lucian Knight, Fred Mayhew, Robt. Bonestell.

White Elves: Masters, Gordon Thurston, Robert Sterrett, Nor-
man Mackenzie, Herbert Meadows, Harry Short, Emerson
McPeak.

Black Elves: Masters, Virgil Lyons, Clyde R. Gibb, Harry
McPeak, Kinney Keaton, Milton Meadows, Jenkins.

THE CHORUS

E. D. Crandall, *Chorus Master*; F. S. Chase, W. F. Davis, T. G. Elliott, C. J. Evans, W. F. Keene, A. G. D. Kerrell, Wm. Knowles, L. A. Larsen, A. F. Lawton, Mathew McCurrie, John McEwing, F. S. Mitchell, W. P. Neilson, Geo. Purlenky, Guy D. Reynolds, Eugene W. Roland, Benj. Romaine, Dr. B. M. Stich, John de P. Teller, J. R. Harry, E. M. Moore, Oscar Franck, Mark White, Dr. F. W. Stapff, C. E. Anderson, T. L. Bolton, F. L. Button, Dr. H. P. Carlton, P. S. Carlton, G. E. Engvick, P. D. Gaskill, G. S. Johnson, J. P. Jones, E. H. McCandlish, Paul J. Mohr, M. L. R. Oksen, C. H. Oliver, Dr. P. M. Wullemin, Harris Allen, R. L. Countryman, G. W. Ellis, E. C. Little, A. M. Smith, Austin W. Sperry, W. H. Ham, Dr. F. E. Wilkins, Paul Otey, E. D. Crandall, W. A. Mitchell, Robt. I. Lynas, R. B. Heath, Chas. A. Smith, R. E. Fisher, E. L. Taylor, Roy Smith, C. L. Parent, C. B. Pinkham, Dr. A. A. Arbogast, H. McCurrie.

Stage Director.....FRANK L. MATHIEU
Master of Properties.....GEORGE E. LYON
Master of Lights..... EDWARD J. DUFFEY

Costumes designed by Herman Scheffauer, executed by the Mme. Jahn Co. Calcium Lights by F. W. French.



THE SONS OF BALDUR

An Ancient Forest of Giant Trees in the West of the Land of Midgard. Night, with the Moon. The Three NORNs, shrouded in gray and holding gleaming shields are seen seated on three tall boulders. The faces of these rocks are graven with runes. Against the trees are fixed white skulls of horses and of oxen. Great shields of many shapes, and torches are hung up. Sheaves of spears lean against the tree-trunks. Armour and skins are heaped in piles, and logs are laid for a fire. A rude table is set on massive trestles. Near by is a great Chair.

URD

From the bourne of mist and gloom
I come who command the Past.
Life and the Fruit of the Womb
Of Woman is mine at last.
Nor ever the gods shall mend
The mould in which Fate is cast;
I devour Beginning and End,—
I am Urd, old Urd, the Past.

VERDANDI

Verdandi sits in the halls
Where the Feast of Life is spread;
She plieth between the walls
Of the unborn lives and the dead.
The sunbeams a moment beat
On the shield and runes I write,
Where the night and morning meet
Ere the morn is gulfed in night.

SKULD

I am the Future. I hold
What Odin may never reveal—
Or whether my years be of gold—
Or of bronze—or of steel.

I hearten the king and the thrall,
And my hollow shield upraise,
Whence the joys and sorrows fall,
And the Black or Brighter Days.

URD

O Sister of Days-to-be,
O Sister of Days-that-are,
O speak! for your eyes may see
The deeds that make or mar.

VERDANDI

O thou who the Past dost hold,
And thou of the coming years,
I know that the blight of gold
Shall bring men trouble and tears.

SKULD

O Norn of the Frozen Past!
O Norn of the Biding Hour!
Shall I grow and make to last
Hope's happy, rose-red flow'r?

URD

The Fates are we, and our years
Bow gods and warriors low;

VERDANDI

We shape them to laughter and tears,
And travail, weal or woe.

SKULD

Though the Good and the Evil cry,
We heed nor loves nor hates,—

ALL

For the Good and the Evil lie
In the web of the Changeless Fates.

(A lightning flash, a thunderbolt, brief darkness. The NORNS vanish. A large, flat stone is overthrown and LOKI rises, the red glare of the underworld upon him. He is comely, but threatening. A thick serpent hangs coiled about his neck. He scowls upon the scene.)

LOKI

Lo, men meet here for Baldur's Feast
And wassail rare.
Me of all gods they love the least—
My shrines are bare.

But mighty power is mine that weaves
Sorrow for all—
I shatter joys and blight the sheaves
Of lives that fall.

The red-fanged Fenris-Wolf I rule;
Hel is my world;
The Midgard Snake in Ocean's pool
In sleep I curled.

And fast my monster Nidhugg gnaws
The Ashtree's root,
Till he shall rend with iron claws
Man and his Fruit.

Though I and all my brood be strong
And wise and old,
Yet greater might for strife and wrong
O'er man hath gold.

It thickens his blood with craft and slime;
It blinds and slays;
It robs him of the Rose of Time
And blots his days.

So here this clump of cursèd ore
I fling, and wait— (A horn is winded)
But, hark! I hear a trumpet roar—
The rest is Fate.

(He flings the gold against the roots of a tree and sinks from view.)

(Enter FIRST WARRIOR with lance, shield and torch.)

FIRST WARRIOR

This is the age-old Grove for Baldur's Feast
Long hallowed. Close the hour of his worship
Is on us, yet my comrades roam afar.

(He gives three loud blasts from his horn and listens. Three answering blasts are faintly heard from afar. He strikes his shield. Three THRALLS appear.)

Set swift the tables! for the warriors come
To wassail and such comfort as the feast
Yields after battle. Brim the horns with mead,
Light fires and the torches, braize the meats!

(The THRALLS obey. From the distance faintly sounds the chant of the marching WARRIORS, growing clearer and stronger as they near.)

CHANT OF THE WARRIORS

We come from the gory
Death-field of the battle!
Glory to Odin, Valfadur on high!
To red Thor be glory,
Whose hammer-blows rattle
Breaking the helms when he storms through the sky.
Valhalla! Valhalla!
To red Thor be glory,
Whose hammer-blows rattle
Breaking the helms when he storms through the sky.

O weary and wounded
We come from the sharper
Slash of the swords in the bondage of Gold.
Let praises be sounded
By skald and by harper
For heroes that feast with the heroes of old.
Valhalla! Valhalla!
Le praises be sounded
By skald and by harper
For heroes that feast with the heroes of old.

May Baldur the Golden
Grant joy to the table;
The light of his coming shall loose us from pain.
This forest of olden,
Red trees and the sable,
Soft earth yearn to gaze on his godhead again.
Valhalla! Valhalla!
This forest of olden,
Red trees and the sable,
Soft earth yearn to gaze on his godhead again.

(Enter, singing, the warriors, armed, and with torches, led by HALMAR the Stalwart, Chief of the WARRIORS of the Westland. Wounded warriors are aided by their fellows. One is borne in on a litter. All group themselves about the table and fire, laying aside their arms.)

HALMAR

To Baldur's Feast and his immortal Wood,
My comrades, welcome. Still the ravens call
Their hordes where battle-meteors and white ghosts
Glare o'er the carnage and the shattered shields.
O, many a stalwart brother of our arms
Now the Valkyries' stallions skyward bear,
And many lie on Hel's too-starless shore.
How many weary moons have fed us full
With daily battles of the sateless swords,

With watches, sieges and the flaming charge,
With hunger, and the anguish and the glut
Of slaughter! Now the golden gage is ours,
Since we have wrested from the snares of Death
Life and the Right to Life. Wherefore may Peace
Sheathe our worn brands and Plenty bide with us,
Plenty and joy and brotherly content.
Here, ever when the twelve-month's pageants pass,
And Summer and the midnight Summer moon
Gleam goldenmost, haste we from fields of strife,
From the red service of the thunderous Thor,
Homage to yield to Odin's gentler son—
Bright Baldur, god of Good and Happiness.

SOOTHSAYER

The Ashtree Yggdrasil grows dark and deep,
And ever at its roots the stern Norns grave
Our fates on iron—and ever at its roots
Gnaws Nidhugg, Scourge of Man, Life's Canker-
worm.

O Baldur, sun-god of the joy of youth,
Bide with us and sit throned above our feast!
Ere o'er the mountains of the morn thou raisest
Thy blinding shield whence Day darts unto Earth,
Bide with us for a little in the wood.
Baldur, great Baldur, beam upon thy sons!

ALL

Baldur, great Baldur, beam upon thy sons!

HALMAR (*to* THRALL)

Boy, fill this drink-horn with the royal mead,
And as the parchèd dust of battle-plains
Drank the foe's blood, so, brothers, quaff you down
Your bumpers! and like blades that bit in flesh,
So fall ye on the meats! Our fathers joyed
In glory of the feast no less than war.

Like mountain fells they drank, like fires they ate—
Drained at a draught tall tankards and deep horns,
Ate bullocks whole and the fierce tusky boar,
So shame sit on our helmets if we fail!

(The WARRIORS raise a Shout. Boars' heads and great joints are brought in on trenchers. The warriors eat and drink. A horn is brought to the WOUNDED MAN.)

SECOND WARRIOR *(singing and swinging his beaker)*

Fill high the beakers blinking
With wine the brown hills grow!
I sing the Song of Drinking
Of rare days long ago.
Drink! fellow Norse to fellow,
Fill high the silver bowl
With blood red wine and yellow—
Skoal to the wine-cup! skoal!

ALL *(singing)*

Skoal to the wine-cup! skoal!

SECOND WARRIOR *(singing)*

Blue grapes of red October,—
The year's divinest birth!
When clouds roll cold and sober
You warm our hearts to mirth.
Drink! merry men of battle;
Earth were a sorry hole
Without the wine-cup's rattle—
Skoal to the wine-cup! skoal!

ALL *(singing)*

Skoal to the wine-cup! skoal!

THIRD WARRIOR *(singing)*

In wine there is small pleasure;
I sing the Song of Love!

Great Freya sends that treasure
Pure from the halls above.
Drink to the captive maiden
In tents our spears control;
With love her arms are laden—
Skoal unto Woman! skoal!

ALL (*singing*)

Skoal unto Woman! skoal!

SECOND WARRIOR (*drunkenly, singing*)

Fill high——

(HALMAR *holds up his hand commanding silence. The WOUNDED WARRIOR, being about to die, stretches out his arm towards his comrades.*)

HALMAR

Drink not to pleasure first, but to the gods!
Drink to your ancient fathers—they who rest
With Odin in the vasty halls of light
Where swords for torches serve and where the
broad
And golden plates fail never. Comrades all,
Drink to the living, drink unto the dead!
And to the dying—to the dying—skoal!

ALL (*slowly*)

Skoal! Skoal! Skoal!

(*The WOUNDED WARRIOR raises himself, grasps his horn, drains it, flings it away. He seizes his broken sword, staggers to his feet and sings with growing force THE DEATH SONG.*)

THE WOUNDED WARRIOR (*singing*)

The Song of the Dying!
The Song of the Sword!

Valkyries are crying
O'er battle and board.
The foe struck me sorest,
But Hel hath his soul.
O god of the forest—
Skoal to thee! skoal!

'Mid brands that were flashing,
'Mid helms that were cleft,
My red blade went crashing—
Behold what is left!
By Thor and his thunder,
His battle-car's roll—
O sword sprung asunder—
Skoal to thee! skoal!

O steel pure and slender!
O bride I adored!
To me thou wast tender,
My mistress, my sword!
Thy lover lies broken,
And thou art not whole;
The dark Norns have spoken—
Skoal to thee! skoal!

The flesh and the fishes,
The mead and the wine
Give you joy, but the dishes
Of gods shall be mine.
The battle did break me,
And Earth hath her dole—
O Death-maids come take me!
Skoal to you! skoal!

Build the pile on the galley;
On my shield let me rest—
Let me make my last sally
With steel in my breast.

Farewell! speed his going
Who nears the dark goal;
The red brooks are flowing—
Skoal to you! skoal!

(He falls dead on his pallet, his sword drops from his hand. Pale flashes are seen across the heavens. Then from the skies are heard the calls of the VALKYRIES, and their echoes on Earth.)

FOURTH WARRIOR

The vault is blinded by the Northern Lights!

FIFTH WARRIOR

'Tis but the flickering lance-thrust of the storm.

HALMAR

The armour of the Choosers of the Slain
It is that flashes broadly to the moon.
Heard ye not thrice their clear Valkyrie call?

FIRST WARRIOR

With silent hoofs their straining coursers smite
The cloud-borne steps to Heaven. O happy charge
They lift to bliss on Asgard's silver plains!

HALMAR (to DEAD WARRIOR)

The warlike Virgins to Valhalla bear thee!
The Sword Death, not the Straw Death was thine
own.
Yea, thou art nobly fallen and shalt feast
At Odin's table, thou shalt feel no more
The racking of Life's struggle nor its toil.
The red war-galley, winking with bright shields,
Shall bear thee mailed in fire to daunt the sea
From this West Shoreland to the Shadowland.

SOOTHSAYER (*to the WARRIORS*)

So parts he from us now whose hand was strength,
Whose blade broke only to the stroke of death,
And in whose blood the West Seas poured their salt,
And Westland suns their fire. True heir was he
Of those bold fathers who in whilom days
Came hither on a quest for fabled gold.
Renown be his who falls with sword in hand
In struggle with the endless ills of Earth
And fell disasters from the Loom of Days.

FIRST WARRIOR

There let him lie, our brother, still our guest,
Deaf to the wassail, and his silent form
Shall fend from us the storms of ruder mirth.
'Tis borne to us that Egypt's yellow kings
Do at their banquets seat a skeleton,
For Death sits guest within the House of Life,
And tears do fall like rain on Laughter's lips.

(They lay the sword of the dead man by his side and cover him with his shield. Three or four WARRIORS see LOKI's gold and pounce upon it.)

SIXTH WARRIOR (*hugging it to his heart*)

O gold! O wonderful, O godlike gold!

SEVENTH WARRIOR

'Tis mine! mine eye was first, though first thy
hand.

EIGHTH AND NINTH WARRIORS

'Tis ours! a common and a fourfold trove!

SIXTH WARRIOR

Mine it remains!

SEVENTH WARRIOR

Then speak! my tongue of iron!

(He attacks the SIXTH WARRIOR. The two fight, circling about, with swords and bucklers. The others run for their swords and spears. They crowd around the fighters. Wild disorder and uproar. HALMAR runs forward and strikes up the blades of the fighters. The gold rolls to the ground.)

HALMAR

Hold! raging fools, set curbs upon your swords!
Lest with mine own I wreck the ribbed shells
That house your shameless hearts! What horror
here!

What brawls for dross and basest quarrels set
'Twixt brothers in the heart of Baldur's wood!
O crime to anger gods and sully men!
Shall your unboughten and strong steel of war
Be smirched with vilest murder? Lo, the curse
Of Loki and the glamour of his ore
Hath wrought this wrong on us.

SECOND WARRIOR *(singing at table)*

Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!
Let others fight for plunder,
Good wine is more than gold!
Go cleave your skulls asunder,
Your skulls shall soon be cold!
Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha!

SOOTHSAYER

Accursèd mass,
Ember of Hel, as baneful as the mire
In caverns of the gnomes! have we not poured
Our veins to thee in slaughter-fields of Life,
And felt thy yellow gyves through blindest days
On hands that drudged for demons? Wilt thou drag

Thy leprous bulk to bask amidst our joy
E'en in this holy wood? Say, shall we lose
Through thee the grace of gods and bloom of years,
And thou who shouldst be slave, become our king?

HALMAR

Its lust is fiercer than the sword's—more fell
Than ruthless fire, and fouler than the snake
Its master Loki gat on Angerbode.

FIRST WARRIOR

It seems as sank a shadow on the feast—
The meats grow cold and bitter smacks the wine.

FOURTH WARRIOR

It is as if across our hearts the frost
Hath blown his arrows! There is evil here,
O Halmar, and the gods are stern and dumb.

HALMAR (*to THRALL*)

Take hence the bane and fling it to the sea!
The Midgard Serpent shall it quell and crush,
Or straightly plunge with evil things to Hel.

(The THRALL goes out. A bird in the trees sings for some time.)

FIRST WARRIOR

I hear the songbird of the night again,
And the sharp stars sit sparkling o'er the trees;
The spell is broken and the curse departs.

HALMAR

Yet Loki is a strong and wrathful god;
He works in outer silence and the dark,
In spaces underfoot and through the winds—
Baldur be with us!

FIRST WARRIOR

Not far lies Alfheim
Where bright elves dwell and dance and woo the
moon,—
Children are they of Baldur and the day,
Frail forms of light, and guardians of these trees,
And ever friends to man.

HALMAR

The quarrel frights
Them hence as storm winds drive the thistle-down—
On with the feasting! let no shadows thwart
This blithe, unended merriment of men.

(The men make merry at the board.)

SECOND WARRIOR *(chanting)*

Good cronies come a-hasting;
Spill wine and spare your blood.
The gore ye would be wasting
The turf turns into mud.

O leave the bitter treasure!
Here's flesh and sweeter stuff;
Too soon our lengths we measure,
And Earth hath flesh enough.

(The CHORUS follows. A BOY enters and kneels before HALMAR.)

BOY

Hilding the Skald to Halmar greeting sends!
Would Halmar and his men of battle hear
The songs and sagas of their sires, O chief?

HALMAR

His harp shall charm the glad elves back again—
Go bid the Skald appear.

ALL

The skald! the skald!

(The Boy goes out.)

FIRST WARRIOR

Hilding the golden-voicèd skald is famed
Through all the land of Midgard past the steeps
Of utmost Iceland to the peaks whose throats
Belch to the skies rash fire and oft-times mock
The Gloaming of the Gods. For as he sang
Of old unto our fathers so to us
He sings.

SECOND WARRIOR

He knows the Song of Western Men,
Of Love and Life, of Woman and of War.

SOOTHSAYER

Priceless to us the singer and his staves!
His gift is of the gods and lends to us
The ravishment that stirs the halls of Heaven.
The tribes that love not song are steeped in night,
And they who treasure not the skald are doomed
For none without his word know after-fame.
And were not Saga and her makers ours,
Our deeds would perish—yea, all noble things
Would in the black marsh of the world be whelmed
And of their rays be shorn. The race of skalds
Be honored ever in this Sunset Land!
For they do honor men and to their hands
Give light that dies not ever.

FOURTH WARRIOR

Lo, he comes!

(Enter HILDING, THE SKALD, robed in white. He remains

standing in the farther firelight and salutes the WARRIORS who lift their hands in greeting. His Boy carries a harp on his back.)

HILDING

Through the cope of night unlifted
Long with weary foot I strode;
Past the trees red torchlight sifted
And the owl through darkness rode.
And each pillar, beam and rafter
Of the forest rang with laughter
Loud from Baldur's green abode.

Unto Bragi grace for bringing
Me unto your woodland rites—

HALMAR

Welcome be! White Swan, whose singing
Gilds the world and stars the nights.

(HALMAR goes to meet him and leads him to the great chair. The Boy sets the Harp before HILDING.)

HILDING

Peace bide at your board, and pleasure!
Joy and plenty in full measure
And the Viking's deep delights!

HALMAR

Bring unto snow-haired Hilding, Halmar's horn!

(A WARRIOR brings the golden horn. HILDING drinks.)

ALL

Skoal be to Hilding! Skoal to the Skald!

HALMAR

Great Hilding, skald in Midgard's Land belov'd,

Sing us the Song of Wine, of Joy in Life—
The Fountain pure of Youth that ne'er is sealed.

ALL

The Song of Wine! O sing the Song of Wine!

HILDING (*singing*)

O Wine! thou art gladness and glory—
Thou art amber and blood in the bowl!
To sad hearts and locks that are hoary,
Thou bringest back youth to the soul.
Thou art born of the sea and the thunder,
Thou art Wielder and Worker of Wonder—
Thou art Joy! and thou breakest in sunder
The fetters of care and of dole.

Hail to Wine that lends life to the living!
May the horns flow at table and shrine,—
Unto Baldur be praise and thanksgiving
For gift and for glory,
For gift and for glory,
For gift and for glory of Wine!

When the blade of the Berserk lies shattered,
Where waves of the battle rolled red,
When the foe into darkness flies scattered,
We mourn for our war-fellows dead.
Then thou healest our wounds and our sorrow,
Then thou girdest us strong for the morrow,
Then from draughts of the wine-cup we borrow
The blood that our bosoms have shed.

ALL

Hail to Wine that lends life to the living!
May the horns flow at table and shrine—
Unto Baldur be praise and thanksgiving
For gift and for glory,

For gift and for glory,
For gift and for glory of Wine!

HALMAR

Sing, Hilding, sing of Woman and of Love!

ALL

The song of Woman! sing the song of Love!

HILDING (*singing*)

O Woman! like snow on the mountains,
When North Lights glow rosy and bright,
Is thy bosom's soft slope and its fountains
Of Love on the peaks of delight.
When the clasps of thy white arms surround us,
And the seals of thy warm lips have crowned us,
In the chains of thy charms thou hast bound us,
And Freya makes golden the night.

Hail, Woman! all honor be given
To thine arms that enfold us with love;
By thy smile all Hel's blackness is riven,
And Valhall is brighter,
And Valhall is brighter,
And Valhall is brighter above!

When we dream of the wife and the mother,
The tears of our yearning arise;
When the true lover dreams of one other,
His armour grows warm to his sighs.
Then the steel of his bright helmet shows him
The high-bosomed virgin who throws him
The kisses and smiles that she owes him
When Thor gives him back to her eyes.

ALL

Hail Woman! all honor be given
To thine arms that enfold us with love;

By thy smile all Hel's blackness is riven,
And Valhall is brighter,
And Valhall is brighter,
And Valhall is brighter above!

HALMAR

'Tis meet thy mouth of gold should sing the love,
O Hilding, and the holy worth of women!
Vouchsafe us, too, the lofty Song of Song.

ALL

The Song of the Skalds! sing us the Song of Song!

HILDING (*singing*)

Lift the song that rings sweeter and rarer
Than tongues of the wind in the wood;
Strike the harp that binds stronger and fairer
The links of our high Brotherhood.
So the lips that are golden with singing,
So the strings that are silvern with ringing,
Over Midgard's deep vales may be flinging
Their beauty for Baldur the Good.

Hail to Song! whose stars die not, but glisten
On the brows of the fair and the strong—
All the gods throned in Asgard now listen
To saga and story,
To saga and story,
To saga and story and song!

Thou art spur to the heart of the fighter;
Thou are honey, and salt of the sea,
And our feast for thy strains is far brighter,
And far gladder the tent and the tree.
Great Mother of Fame! Bragi's daughter,
Who art solace and balm after slaughter—

O, thou turnest to wine the dark water
Of life and thou bidd'st us be free!

ALL

Hail to Song! whose stars die not, but glisten
On the brows of the fair and the strong—
All the gods throned in Asgard now listen
To saga and story,
To saga and story,
To saga and story and Song!

HALMAR

Hilding, we thank thee, yea, the gods we thank!
For thou from out the earth in every heart
Call'st forth sweet flowers from the idle seed.
Wherefore, take thou—poor meed for thy rich
song—
This chain, these stones.

(HALMAR takes from his neck his triple chain of gems and gold and places it around the neck of HILDING. The Skald rises and bows his head.)

ALL

Skoal unto Hilding, skoal!

FIRST WARRIOR (*gazing anxiously about*)

Some wizard or some troll within this vault
Has cast on us his hatred and his spells.

HALMAR

Perchance thy heart is harried by the ghosts
Of strife that vexed the air, or Loki's curse—
Yet are they fled—as evil flees from song.

HILDING (*starting from his seat*)

Alfheim's land is strange with stillness—
Not one elf with shining wing

Drives afar this brooding illness
That lies dark o'er everything.
And the winds grow sharp and bitter,
For I see no white robes glitter;
Hear no silver elf-horns ring.

HALMAR

Fear not! Lo, these trees are towers,
And they guard our earthly dreams—

HILDING

Old were they when Earth's young hours
Laved their crowns with crimson gleams.

HALMAR

They from Loki's craft shall fend us;
Here no Fenris-Wolf shall rend us—

HILDING

Hark! all Alfheim runs and screams!

FOURTH WARRIOR

O hear! across the glade a wailing comes.

(Faint twinkling lights are seen amidst the foliage, and the flutter of the white robes of the ELVES in flight. Their frail voices are heard in wails.)

VOICES OF THE ELVES

O flee! O flee! dread are the feet that near!

(The lights and voices pass.)

FIRST WARRIOR

The elves rush by!—their wands of moon-white fire
They wave, and fly from wolves of fright unknown,
And the calm owls and eagles answer them.

HALMAR

Ever these gentle sprites have blessed our grove—
Alas! they leave us now when song is done.
It is that Loki's hate hath scared them hence?
Hath Baldur left his sons?

SECOND WARRIOR

The feast be sped!
And halt not—yea, though devils seek to thwart
Our goodly rites and cheer! the feast be sped!

(The BLACK ELVES are heard hissing and yelling with laughter in the wood. They pursue the WHITE ELVES with lurid torches.)

FOURTH WARRIOR

Lok's squat and thrice-damn'd imps, the Elves of
Night,
Hound from the wood the kindly fays that guard
Our revels by the fires.

(The Western skies begin to glow faintly with a dull and evil-boding red.)

FIRST WARRIOR

O see! the skies
Above the Western mountain-crest are struck
To wrath!

FIFTH WARRIOR

Now march the fires of Muspelheim
Bent fiercely 'gainst our lives! they come to claim
Their prey of man and tree.

FOURTH WARRIOR

'Tis but the light
Flung sheer from the fire-beard of raging Thor

Athwart the clouds. For now his swift rams draw
His car in thunder o'er the smoking Pole
In battle 'gainst the Giants of the Mist.

SECOND WARRIOR

O fools! 'tis dawn, for moon and stars are dead.

SOOTHSAYER

Not Muspel's fires nor Thor's red slaughter-locks,
Nor dawn, nor day, that from the mountain spines
Flames up the welkin to destroy the world.
It is the End-all and the Night of Things!
The spawn of Time roars cloudward to Valhall,
'And the Earth-spanning rainbow falls to wreck
'Neath giants' feet. This day, O men, the Earth
And all the dead heavens shall be made anew—
'Tis Ragnarok—the Twilight of the Gods!

(A groan goes up. The glow grows brighter.)

ALL

O woe upon us! we that came for joy!

HALMAR

On the hoar mountain side by thunder carved,
Slope to the fjord black where sea-hawks nest,
I read in youth the runes that cannot lie—
And true it is that Ragnarok hath come.

ALL *(in monotone)*

O Baldur! O shield us!

HALMAR

Heimdal's faithful horn
Now clamors through Valhalla and the throne
Of Odin sinks in ruin and his halls
Stand bannered with vast fire and with death.

The mountain monsters and the Jotuns shag,
And Nifflheim's enormous race uprise
To rend the sceptered gods.

FIRST WARRIOR

Yet fear we not,
Though men, to die when gods no more shall live.

HALMAR

Would, brothers, we might swing our swords with
Thor
To whelm the flame-land ogres! Peace lies dead
And the eight lordly rivers of the world
Pour blood, and withered is the Tree of Life.
Heaven's castles and its gilded ramparts bright
Are broken, and to ash their splendor falls,
And the red rains drop down the cloven sky.

FIRST WARRIOR

Yet fiercely leaps this hard and haggard steel,
And smoulders in the fallow glare of doom!

(The glow grows greater.)

ALL *(in monotone)*

O Baldur! O shield us!

HALMAR

Here let us sit
Fast by this board, piled with our last brave fast!
Mute and unmoving let us sit with swords
Of stubborn edge and shields of sullen front
And wait the end.

ALL *(in monotone)*

O Baldur! O shield us!

HALMAR (*to trees*)

O Lords of all the Westland woods, the Dusk
That whelms the gods, shall make you suns of noon!
Lift up your funeral beacons and huge brands!
Your torches tall to light Earth's end and Heaven's
And the sea's broken deeps!

FIRST WARRIOR

Then shall ye fall
Down toppling to the gnashing fangs of flame
To build our pyres.

(The glow grows greater. The voice of the PEASANT rings from the woods)

VOICE OF THE PEASANT

O fly! the Helbeast comes!
O Masters, fly!

(Rushes in full of terror, dishevelled and stained with dust, a PEASANT. He wrings his hands and falls on his knees before HALMAR.)

HALMAR

What hath the night spewed forth?
Rise, bondman, speak thy tidings, though of dread.

PEASANT

O horror! masters, horror! all is lost!
The land lies blasted! all the hills are hearths
Of coals! his breath of poison rots the air—
The fields he blights and blows the cattle dead;
The earthquake marks the trampling of his steps!
Mad fire paves his path! Before his feet the meads
Lie green—all black behind. The villages
Are heaps of ashes and the mangled flesh
Of dead men chokes the ground! on roads of blood
The monster winds and runs.

HALMAR

What monster, tell!

PEASANT

Nidhugg! From out the smoking sea he rose
And lay upon the strand and shook his scales,
And bellowed like a bull. Three leagues his length
Rolled armed with claw and crest. Then heard I
call

The voice of Loki from the burning sward
That redly flamed, while all the sea burned green;
"Nidhugg, art here?" and thrice the dragon droned:
"Aye, father, at thy call thy son hath come."

HALMAR

It is not Ragnarok! the gods still live
In old Valhalla, still for us, their sons,
Their hearts are lit with mercy. Berserks all!
Arouse and arm 'gainst Loki and his son!

(LOKI appears half way up the hill. He holds a spiked mace in his hand.)

LOKI

Accursèd brood of men! I send
My hate on all!
Soon shall my trusty Nidhugg wend
Here at my call.

Swift at my hest he crawls apace
Straight to his sire.
Here shall ye meet him face to face
And taste his ire.

Not Baldur's trees shall break or bar
His lust for life,
Since Gold, my ancient slave, did mar
Your feast with strife.

The trap I laid full well was set,
And straight ye fell—
So now in you Woe's hag shall get
Her glut in Hel.

On Loki gaze! who hears you shriek!
On Baldur cry!
Then curse your helpless god and weak,
And cursing, die!

HALMAR

Hence, demon! Know that Baldur's holy grove
Stands proofed against thee and thy dragon foul
As firm as stand our hearts, or cliffs that break
The onset of the sea.

(LOKI *vanishes*)

FIRST WARRIOR

Arm! comrades, arm!
Arm 'gainst the Worm!

ALL (*in monotone*)

O Baldur! O shield us!

HALMAR

Sons of the Westland, ye who know not fear,
And who, unshaken all, heard Loki's boast,
Lift your deep-dinted targes; let your glaives
Unhumbled by long wars, now sap the gorge
Of Hel's flame-spewing beast. Raise, Hilding, raise
The prayer to Baldur who shall guide our steel!

HILDING (*singing*)

Black grows the gloom that the demon has sown;
Red are the flames and the skies in their glaring;
Loki, the Evil, and Nidhugg unsparing
Move on the forest that shelters thy throne.

Sharpen the teeth of our swords and with anger
Madden the spears that must thwart him and
slay—

Bide with us, Baldur, O bide with the clangor
Of shields and the clash of the swords in the fray.

ALL (*singing*)

Baldur, O Baldur, aid us, O fairest
Soul of the Summer and Heart of the Sun;
Swing o'er thy grove the white staff that thou
bearest—
Baldur, O Baldur, O Beautiful One!

(The glow breaks over the hill)

HILDING (*singing*)

Lord of the Light, shall the Beast of the Dark,
Prey on the grove where thy children are calling?
The fangs of grim Nidhugg are iron—O hark!
Through oaks and through pines the foul monster
is crawling!

(The crash of toppling trees is heard.)

Spare us the wood that thy sons may be grateful,
Spare us fair Midgard, O hearken our cry!
O Baldur, send bane upon Nidhugg the hateful—
O bring us the peace that Earth knoweth thee by!

ALL (*singing*)

Baldur, O Baldur, aid us, O fairest
Soul of the Summer and Heart of the Sun;
Swing o'er thy grove the white staff that thou
bearest—
Baldur, O Baldur, O Beautiful One!

(As the Prayer ends, the foreground grows ever darker,

he glow on the hill ever brighter. The Dragon NIDHUGG is seen crawling down, belching white mist and fire. He appears and disappears on his path. When the Prayer closes and the DRAGON has almost reached the level ground, appears on a rocky crag jutting out on the left, the shining form of BALDUR. He is armed with two long silver spears. NIDHUGG darts his fiery breath at him. The god casts one of the spears at the monster, who dies. The WARRIORS who had retreated to both sides, advance again. BALDUR leans upon his other spear, its point down, and smiles upon his Sons.)

HALMAR

O Mighty Master, O Hallowed Lord of loveliness
and power,
The Worm in his death-throes lieth and his bale-
fire groweth dim.
Thou comest, O snow-white Asa, in the dark, doom-
boding hour—
The strength of Odin is with thee and the gods
that are true to him.

(The red glow vanishes utterly)

Not yet the youngest day is born nor the oldest
night is sped;
The hidden Norns have woven hope through the
murky woof of days;
Still the god's twi-litten end is far and the dread-
ful dream is fled;
Hear thou, great god of the flow'ring world,
thy grateful children's praise!

ALL (*singing* THE CHANT TO BALDUR)

Thou art come, O god of the lily lance, and the
dragon's day is done!
And we who gathered for feasting, stand safe in
thy beaming, O sun.

Hail, Baldur, Son of great Odin—Hail, Baldur,
 Brother of Thor,
Thy forest-fanes have peace of the Scourge and
 our hearts know joy once more.

Till the Waves of Time have ceased to roll, till
 Earth in the flame-flood burn,
When the tawny manes of the acres float on thy
 breath, to thee we turn
A thousand and a thousand years, till the seas of
 the Uttermost West
Shall soar in fire to the halls of the gods and the
 gods fall dispossesst.

*(BALDUR raises his arm toward the hill where the lights
of the WHITE ELVES are seen returning in joyous dance.
Now a golden glow begins to light the woods.)*

Thou shalt bend our brows to Beauty's rule and
 her fairer, farther light;
Our hearts shall be holpen by thought of thee and
 our brands be first in fight.
Though the ashes of ages whelm our race, their
 fall shall be as snow
From the hollow hands of the elder gods on Mid-
 gard's Land below.

What realms that our dreams have builded, when
 the after-ages break
From new stars blue as battle-blades, shall bless
 us for thy sake?
That we kept thy flame alive in hearts that beat
 by the Western Sea,
Hearts spent by the thunder-throated Thor that
 lift their thanks to thee.

*(BALDUR stretches out his long white lance from whose
end white flowers fall.)*

From the strife of the splintered war-shafts, with
bleeding hands and numb,
The shards of our broken souls we bring when to
thy shrine we come,
There the wine of our veins is blent with balm thy
hands of healing pour
When thy Summer smiles in gladness on this
golden, sunset shore.

*(The white and golden radiance covers the hillside behind
BALDUR. With his sun-shield and white spear leaning
against his shoulder, he stretches out his arms in blessing
over his Sons who lift on high their swords, spears and
shields.)*

For ever in lands of the Western Men where the
happy Earth is young,
O Baldur, thy yearly feast be held and thy yearly
tale be sung!
So new sons, when the mould hath covered us, may
seek and still worship thee,
And thy woodland halls may hoard our songs
in the dawn of the days to be.

*(BALDUR vanishes slowly but the glory of light he has
brought remains and floods the skies with its splendor.
Here ends THE SONS OF BALDUR and commences the
CREMATION OF CARE. The head of the DRAGON has
meanwhile been severed by the swords of the WARRIORS,
and is now borne to the sunken glade where follows, as of
old, the Burning of CARE, embodied in NIDHUGG.)*



**Synopsis of the
Music**



SYNOPSIS OF THE MUSIC

The Overture to "THE SONS OF BALDUR" is a tonal sketch of the play. It is composed from the different themes and motifs sung by the soloists and choruses, and serves to put the audience in the proper mood for the play itself.

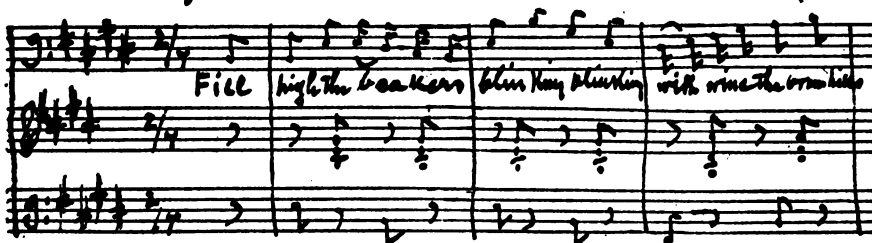
THE SONS OF BALDUR, an imaginary Norse Tribe, symbolical of the Bohemians, return from the battle and foregather in the woods for the yearly feast, held in honor of Baldur, the god of Summer and of Good. This comprises the opening musical number. After a short introduction played by the orchestra, the chorus, as it marches, renders its introductory song, a sort of battle chant.

Allo Marziale.



The feast begins and the Second Warrior, an embodiment of the joy of living, sings a drinking song:

Allegretto



The Third Warrior introduces a sweeter and more sensuous note. "In wine he finds small pleasure, he sings the Song of Love:"

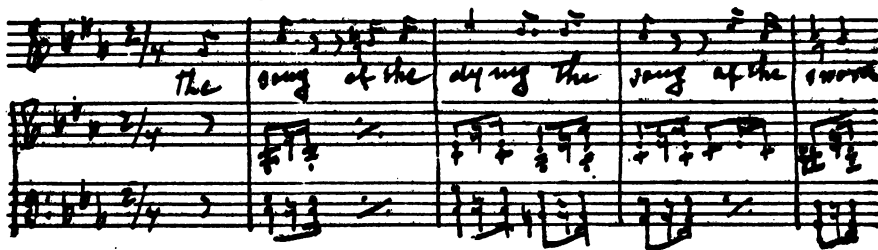
Andantino



After the two Warriors' songs, Halmar, the Chief of the Westlanders, suggests a toast to their gods and to their ancient fathers, who now rest and feast with Odin.

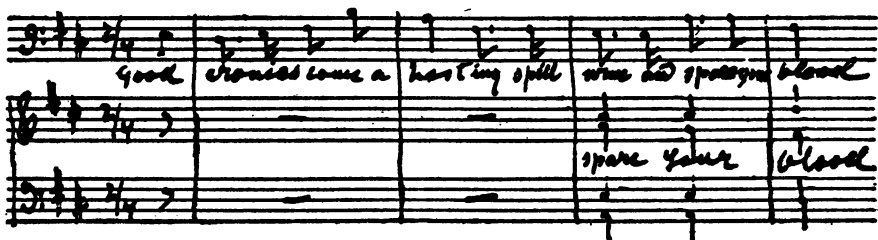
The Dying Warrior, a type of the man who goes down in the struggle of life, but bravely, "with sword in hand," now responds to the challenge and sings the Song of the Dying:

Andante funebre



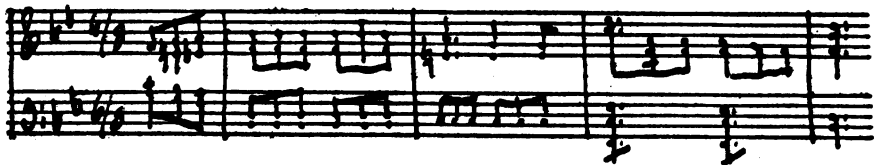
The serenity of the feast is interrupted by a fierce fight among certain Warriors over a clump of gold, which had been dropped by Loki, the god of Evil, for the purpose of breeding dissension. Halmar steps in and separates the fighting warriors. The men gather once more around the tables. The convivial Second Warrior expresses his world-wise sentiments with the following little song accompanied by the Chorus of Warriors:

ALLEGRETTO



Hilding, a famous Skald, appears among the feasting warriors and entertains them with his inspiring and lofty variations upon the three eternal themes of Wine, Woman and Song. Hilding's songs are written in the "Rondo" form, each verse carrying a different theme with the repeated themes of the respective choruses. The Song of Wine begins with a Recitative and is built upon the following theme:

Allegro



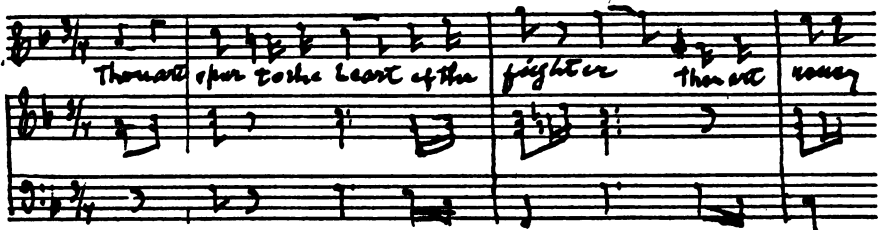
The Song of Wine is followed by the Song of Woman:

Anslante



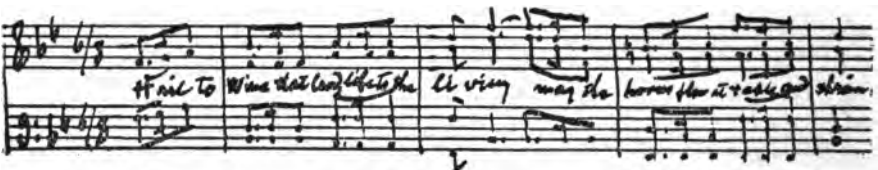
This is succeeded by the Song of the Sagas:

Alla Polacca



All three of the songs indicated above have the same "Hail" refrain, which is sung by the chorus at the close of each verse:

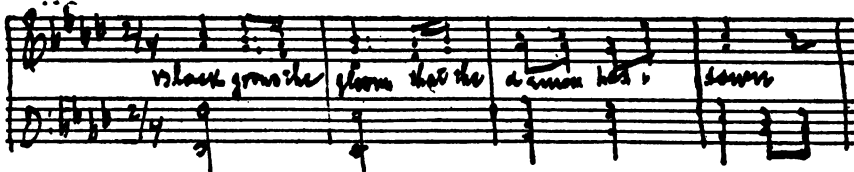
Allegro



At this stage the action of the play changes, and fear and terror seize upon the feast. The skies redden and the Soothsayer announces the coming of Ragnarok, the Twilight of the Gods. This, however, turns out to be only the approach of the Dragon Nidhugg, sent by Loki to

destroy the woods and the worshippers. The Warriors, urged on by Halmar, arm against Nidhugg. Halmar beseeches Hilding to lift a prayer to Baldur in order that he may save them from the dreaded monster. Hilding raises his voice and invokes the god:

Andante sost.



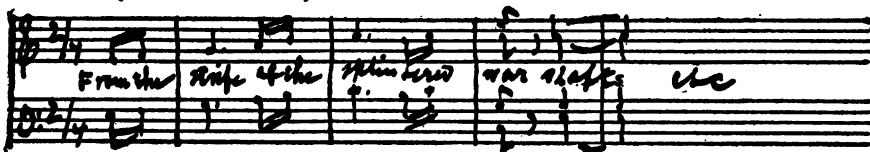
Baldur appears in response to the prayer of Hilding and slays the Dragon with his lance. Hereupon, the whole tribe, delivered from the evil, gives thanks to Baldur in the final hymn:

MAESTOSI



This hymn is completed by a joyous triumphal march at the moment the dead dragon is borne down stage by the warriors in the procession of the Burial of Care.

Allegro Marciale



ARTHUR WEISS.



70 3841
ABSTRACT

**The Cremation
of Care**



THE CREMATION OF CARE

THE HIGH PRIEST.....*"Uncle George" T. Bromley*

SECOND HIGH PRIEST: .. *Ernest S. Simpson*

POEM, *"Sans Souci"*...*General Lucius Harwood Foote*

Declaimed by DR. J. WILSON SHIELS.

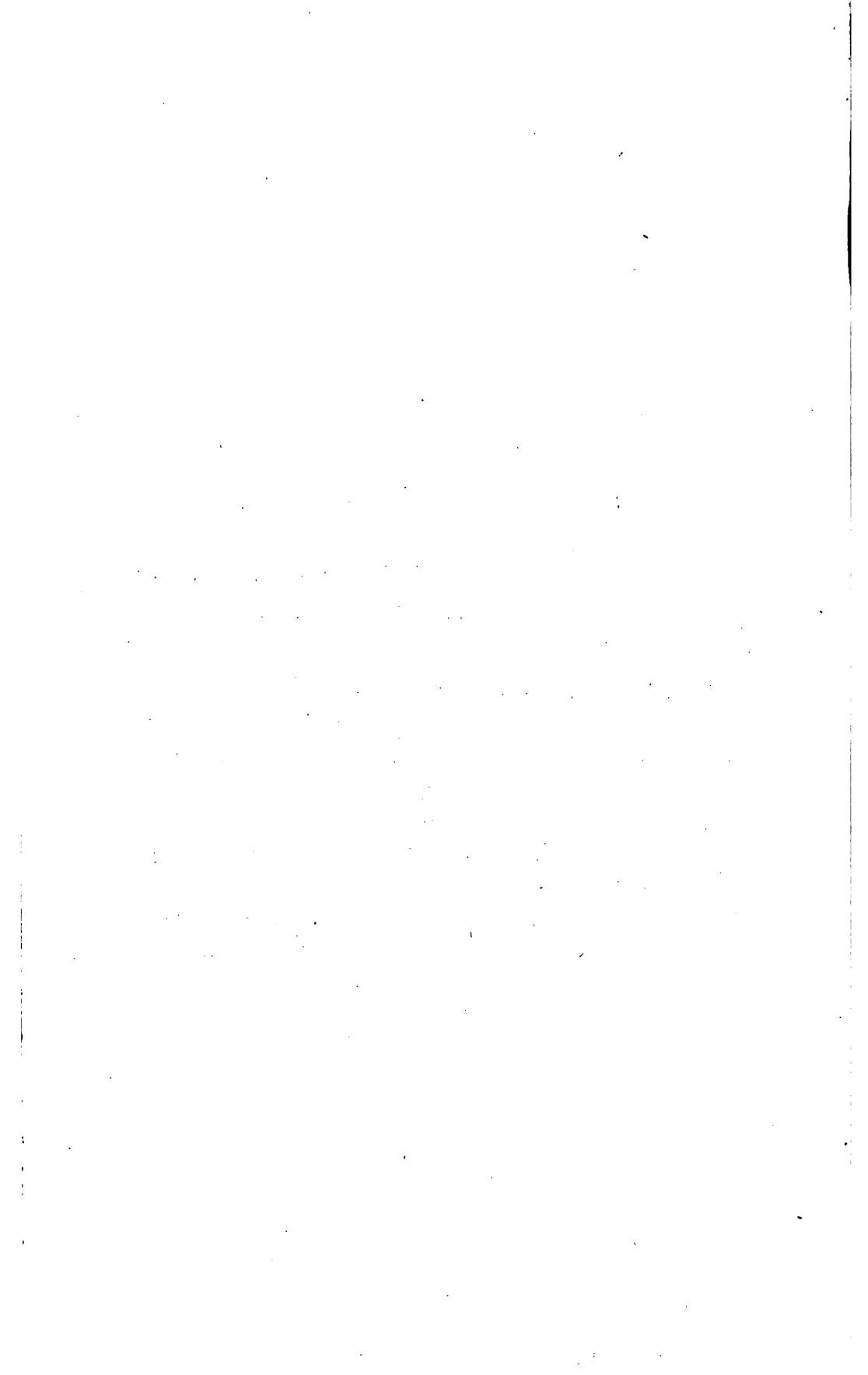
ORATION*Second High Priest*

QUARTETTE *"Embers"*

Words and Music by JOSEPH D. REDDING.

Ed. Crandall, E. H. McCandlish, A. W. Sperry,
Dr. H. P. Carlton.

BENEDICTION *Second High Priest*





Midsummer 1908

Sunday Morning Concert

under the direction of
Paul Steindorff

Sunday
August
Ninth

Bohemian
C l u b



Program



- 1 Selection—"The Sons of Baldur" - *Arthur Weiss*
Conducted by the Composer

- 2 From "The Triumph of Bohemia" - *Edward Schneider*
a Introduction
b Dance of the Saplings
Dedicated to Wilbur McColl
Conducted by the Composer

- 3 Rustle of Spring - - - - - *Sindwig*

- 4 Song and Chorus, with Orchestra—"Welcome Home"
Words and Music by Joseph D. Redding
Soloist - - - - - Mr. McKenzie Gordon
Conducted by the Composer

Program



5 Introduction—"Quest of the Gordan" - *Theodor Vogt*
Conducted by the Composer

6 Spanish Rhapsody - - - *Emile Bruguere*

7 Valse—"Tales from Vienna Woods" - *J. Strauss*

8 From Opera "Cleopatra" - - *W. J. McCoy*

a Moonrise Music

b Banquet Song

(Text by Chas. K. Field)

Antony - - Mr. Vail Bakewell

Conducted by the Composer

9 From Suite "Peer Gynt" - - - - *Greig*

a Morning

b In the Hall of the Mountain King



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